

fMay^sSO     *AND*     JP^RTHEWOPME\*  
CANZON,     443

Speak, ECHO ! tell  
With daffodillies^ what she doth  
plet Which in such order^ she  
doth set  
For LOVE to dwell ?  
As She should FLORA'S chapel let ?  
ECHO, Chaplet! This LOVE likes well!

Speak, ECHO ! tell  
Why lilies and red roses like her?  
ECHO, Like her! No pity with remorse will  
strike her!  
Did Nature well, Which did,  
from fairest Graces, pike her  
To be mine hell ?

Speak, ECHO ! tell Why  
columbines she entertains ?  
Because the proverb " Watchet"  
feigns,  
"True loves like well!" And do these  
therefore like her veins ? ECHO Her veins !  
There CUPIDS dwell!

Speak, ECHO, tell  
Wherefore her chaplets yellow were  
like, When others here, were more her like?  
ECHO, Hair-like !  
Yet, I know well! Her heart  
is tiger-like, or bear-like,  
To rocks itsell

CANZON     z.



jjlNG! sing, PARTHENOPHIL ! sing!  
pipe ! and play t  
This feast is kept upon this plain, Amongst  
th' Arcadian shepherds everywhere, For  
ASTROPHEL'S birthday! Sweet ASTROPHEL !  
Arcadia's honour ! mighty PAN's chief pridf!  
Where be the Nymphs ? The Nymphs all  
gathered be To sing sweet ASTROPHEL'S sweet  
praise!